

The turning of the page

It begins with the turning of the page.
And instantly,
you're drawn in by the words.

Like ridges of paper
Mountains rise,
and rivers flow with black ink.

A sea, wide and deep,
envelops the world
from cover

to cover and the hazy sky
melts into the horizon,
gold and rose.

Lands unfurl,
creased with valleys of verses
and summits of prose

whilst along the plain,
plants stretched out their hands,
marked by adjacent stones.

Animals wander through
papery leaves,
crumpling them as they go.

But, trees begin to crumble -
the oak withers to delicate dust
and the rolling hills

are squeezed into a white frame.
Grass is raked with the ribs
of a skeleton.

The land is knocked,
beaten, moulded into
the desk before me.

The vast sea
distilled into my glass,
and, staring up at me,

is the closed book.